

When I was a beggar boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend or toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And bulled with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

—Lowell.

MOZART;

Or, the Young Musician.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

It was on a fine morning, in the month of April in the year 1762, that two children—one a girl about eight years old, and the other a boy, perhaps two years younger—descended the vine-covered hill of Kosolez, at the foot of which rushes the beautiful and rapid waters of the Moldau, which are finally lost in the ancient forests of Bohemia.

Instead of tripping along with the careless gaiety of their age, the two children, holding each other by the hand, walked side by side, with thoughtful looks and downcast eyes; uniting the gravity of mature age with the charms and innocence of childhood.

Their attire betokened poverty; the color of the little girl's frock was much faded, the clothes of the boy were much worn, and patched at the elbows and knees with different stuffs; but nevertheless, the neatness with which their hair had been combed, and their fresh-washed hands and faces, seemed to indicate the love and care of a mother.

They each held in one hand a piece of bread, which they looked at now and then, but did not touch. As soon as they reached the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the shade of the forest trees, the little boy broke the silence.

"Did you notice, sister," he said, "the manner in which mamma gave us our breakfast this morning; and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread!'"

"Yes, and she was crying!" said the little girl. "I saw her tears; and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is nothing but bread in the house, and you must be content with it.' But what are you crying for, Wolfgang?" added Frederica, while she shed tears herself.

"I cry, because you cry," said Wolfgang; "and because I have only dry bread for my breakfast."

"Poor fellow!" said Frederica, drying the eyes of her brother with a kiss; "may you never have a greater grief. But why do you not eat your bread?"

"I am not hungry," answered the boy. "Ah, you would not want begging to eat if there was something nice upon your bread," said his sister.

"No, indeed," answered the boy, "I am not hungry."

The little girl drew her brother towards her, and, parting the hair from his forehead, she said, "I would give you a kiss, and tell you what I was thinking of this morning, only I am afraid you are too little to talk about such things."

"Too little! and you are so big, you!" said Wolfgang, with a tone of affected pity.

"But I am bigger than you," said the little girl.

"By an inch or two; so you need not be so proud of it!" answered the little boy.

"And I am older than you."

"By a few months."

"By some years, sir. But let us reckon, and not quarrel about it!" said Frederica, good-humoredly. "I was born on the 30th of January, 1754."

"And I was born the 27th of January, 1756," said Wolfgang.

"That makes two years!" said the little girl.

"All but three days," said the boy.

"Yes, all but three days!" repeated the girl. "But let us think what we can do to help our parents."

"What are you talking about, sister?" said the boy; "what can we do?"

"That is what I am thinking of. O Heaven! what can we do?"

"Let us pray to God, sister; and then, perhaps we can think of something," said Wolfgang.

"You are right, brother; let us pray," answered the girl; "let us kneel down under this tree; God will see us."

"And hear us, too," said Wolfgang. "Mamma says that God always hears children who pray for their parents."

"Ah! then he will hear us favorably!" said Frederica, clasping her hands. Wolfgang knelt down beside his sister, putting his head on the ground in order to join his hands. "Sister," he then said, "shall we not pray also to our great saint, John Nepomucene, to assist us?"

"Yes, to St. John Nepomucene!" answered Frederica.

"Then do you begin, sister, and I will follow," answered the boy.

The little girl then said her prayer, and ended by asking for the intercession of the Bohemian saint, the little boy repeating the prayers after her; and both were so earnestly engaged with what they were about, that they did not perceive a man, of somewhat advanced age and of noble and distinguished appearance, who stood at some little distance from the tree beneath which they knelt.

"Our prayer is finished, brother," said the little girl.

"And granted, too," said Wolfgang, rising in his turn.

"Already!" exclaimed his sister.

"Yes; I thought of something while you were praying," answered Wolfgang.

"Then St. John Nepomucene must

have whispered in your ear!" replied his sister.

"I do not know whether it was St. John Nepomucene, or not; but this is what came into my head. You know I have a little talent for playing on the piano; but, indeed, if mamma had not so often said that I do not compose badly. And you, Frederica, though you have not so much power over the instruments as I have, yet for your age you do not play so ill."

"There's a conceited child!" said Frederica.

"Do not interrupt me, my dear Frederica, or I shall forget what I thought of. Now, let us set out some fine morning, and walk, and walk a long way. Sometime we shall come to a castle, and then, Frederica, you shall begin to sing, and somebody will come to the gate; and then the people of the castle will say, 'Oh, the poor children!' and ask us to come in and rest ourselves, and then I shall go to the piano—"

"If there is one," interrupted the little girl.

"As if there were not pianos everywhere in these days!" answered the boy. "But you provoke me with your interruptions. I say then I shall go to the piano, I shall get up on the stool, and I shall play, and play, and everybody will be enchanted. They will embrace us, and give us sweetmeats and playthings, and to you they will give necklaces and ribbons; but we shall not take them, and I shall say, 'Pay us, if you please, that we may take the money to papa and mamma.'"

"Ah, you little rogue, how ambitious you are!" cried Frederica, throwing herself on her brother's neck.

"But that's not all," said Wolfgang; "let me finish my story. The king will hear us talked about, and send for us. I shall wear a beautiful coat, and you will have a beautiful dress, and we shall go to the king's palace. There they will take us into a saloon full of beautiful ladies, the like of whom were never seen, and gentlemen all in embroidery, and furniture all gilded, and a piano. Such a piano! the case all made of pure gold, with silver pedals, and keys of fine pearls, and diamonds everywhere. Then we shall play, and the Court will be delighted. And they will surround us and caress us, and the king will ask me what I should like, and I shall say, 'Whatever you please, king. And then he will give me a castle, and I shall have papa and mamma to live there, and—'"

A burst of laughter interrupted, in the midst of his recital, the intrepid young performer on the piano. Wolfgang, frightened, looked at his sister, then, turning his eyes, he perceived the stranger, who, hidden behind a tree near to the two children had not lost a word of their conversation. Fearing that he was discovered, he approached them, saying:

"Do not be afraid, my children; I wish only to make you happy. I am sent to you by the great saint, John Nepomucene."

At these words the brother and sister exchanged a look, and then turned their eyes again upon the pretended messenger of the saint. This survey was doubtless satisfactory; for the little boy, running towards him, took hold of his hand, and with a charming simplicity, exclaimed: "Ah, so much the better; are you going to grant me my wishes?"

"No, sir; not all at once," answered the stranger; "then seating himself on the spreading roots of a tree, and bidding Wolfgang stand before him, while his sister, older and more timid, kept a little aside, he said: 'I shall give you whatever you wish, on condition that you answer me truly all the questions I am going to put to you; I warn you beforehand, that if you tell a lie, I shall know it!'"

"Sir, you must know that I never told a lie in my life," replied Wolfgang, a little offended.

"That is what we shall see," said the stranger.

"What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart."

"And what is his employment?"

"He is *maître de chapelle*; he plays on the violin and on the piano; but best on the violin."

"Is your mother alive still?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children are there of you?"

"As the little boy remained silent, his sister answered this question."

"There were seven of us, sir; but now we are only two, my brother and myself."

"And your father is poor, my dear child?" said the stranger to the little girl.

"Oh, yes; very poor, sir. See!" she said, showing the morsels of bread, which neither she nor her brother had touched. "This is all the bread there was in the house. Papa and mamma have not kept any for themselves. Every time that mamma gives us our breakfast, and says, 'Go and eat it in the fields, my dear children'; it is that we may not see that she has not any for herself."

"Poor children!" said the stranger, greatly moved. "Where do your parents live?"

"Up there on the hill, sir, in that little cottage that you see the roof of from here," said Wolfgang.

"Did not that house belong to Dusseck?"

asked the stranger.

"A musician, like our father—yes, sir," said the little girl.

"Poor children," repeated the stranger, drying a tear. "Tell me, when I saw you both praying, what did you ask for?"

"Me, sir?" said the little girl. "I asked that I might know the way to earn some money for my parents, so that my brother and I may not have to break fast alone. Wolfgang tells me that he has thought of a way to get money, but I am afraid—"

"If what Wolfgang says is true, that you can both play so well on the piano, it is very likely you may earn money, and I may be able to help you."

"My brother is so good a musician," said the little girl, "that not only he can play at first sight any piece that is presented to him, but he composes pretty little pieces besides; papa says so."

"And what age is your brother?"

"Six years old, sir; and I am eight."

"And this child composes already?" exclaimed the stranger.

"Does that surprise you?" cried Wolfgang laughing. "Come to our house, sir, and you shall see."

The stranger drew out his watch, reflected for a moment, and then said, in a tone half serious, half jesting, "My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that revered saint of Bohemia, orders me to tell you to go home to your parents, stay at home all day, and before night you shall have some news. Now go."

The stranger was retiring, but Wolfgang took hold of his coat.

"Just one word, sir," he said, "before you go back."

"What are you going to ask, brother?" interrupted Frederica, wishing to hinder her brother from speaking. He then whispered something in her ear, to which she replied:

"No, no, Wolfgang, it would be rude; I do not want it."

"What is it, my dear?" said the stranger.

"She wants me not to ask you if the great Nepomucene won't send mamma some dinner," answered Wolfgang, so quickly that Frederica had not time to stop him. "He can, I am sure, sir."

"Without doubt, your mother shall have it," said the stranger. "But what else do you want? Speak out, do not be afraid!"

"Well, then, a new coat for papa; he has not been able to give his lessons some days past, for want of one."

"And then—"

"And then, a new gown for mamma! it would become her so well!"

"Is that all?"

"Enough, brother, enough!" said Frederica, with the delicate susceptibility of a well-bred child.

"Leave me alone, sister, I am only going to ask for something for you!"

"I do not want anything; you are asking the gentleman for too much."

"Through I am pleased with your sister's modesty," said the stranger, "I authorize you to mention whatever you wish for."

"Well, then, what I want is a large house, and servants so that mamma shall not be fatigued with doing the work, and then—then, that is all, I think."

"But you have asked nothing for yourself."

"Oh, there is no need, sir; give papa all that he wants, and I shall want nothing."

"Charming and admirable child!" said the stranger. "Farewell; very soon you shall see me again."

As he uttered these words the stranger rose, and disappeared so quickly among the shades of the forest, that the children remained in surprise.

"What! do you think, Wolfgang, that he will send us some dinner?" said Frederica, as with her brother she took the road home.

"To be sure," said Wolfgang, in a confident tone.

"As for me, I am afraid the gentleman has been making game of us," said the little girl.

"Ah, we shall see about that!" replied the little Mozart.

So soon as our two children had re-entered their home, a woman, still young and neatly attired, said sorrowfully to them—"What have neither of you touched your bread?"

"We were not hungry, mamma," said Frederica.

"What, then, has made you lose your appetite?"

"Why, think, mamma!" said Wolfgang. "I and my sister have seen a messenger from the great Nepomucene, whose history papa has so often told to us."

"Indeed! tell us how that happened, Master Wolfgang!" said a good-natured looking man, who had just then entered, and whom the two children saluted by the name of "good little papa!"

"Only fancy, good little papa!" said Wolfgang, "a tall, beautiful man, with a beautiful face, who looked like a king indeed."

"And how did you know that he was a messenger from the great Nepomucene?" inquired the *maître de chapelle*.

"Oh, he told me so!"

"And what proofs did he give you for it?"

"What proofs!—that is what we are

going to see!—he will send you a coat, and a gown for mamma, and something for my sister—and a good dinner for all of us!"

M. Mozart could not help laughing at his son's stimplicity.

"And do you believe all this, my dear child?" he said.

"The friend of St. John Nepomucene told me so, papa."

"Ah, he was making game of you."

"Making game of me!—why, papa!—Oh, no. If you had seen him, you would not say that; his face is so good-natured. I can tell you, too, that instead of this poor little cottage, we are to have a palace. Oh, since I have known that, I do not like this little, dull room."

As he uttered the last words, the little Mozart cast a look of disdain about him. In fact, the chamber served at once for kitchen and parlor. On one side was a fire place, with stow-pans suspended upon hooks within the wide chimney; and on the other, a piano, above which a violin was hung against the wall; in the middle was a table of some dark wood, and about it a few rush chairs.

"Ah, so we shall have a palace shall we," said M. Mozart, good-humoredly.

"Yes, papa; a palace and plenty of servants to wait on us. But what are you doing mamma?" said the child to Madame Mozart, who was beginning her preparations for dinner.

"Why, you see, while you are waiting for the servants, I am getting the dinner ready!"

"The dinner, the dinner! when I tell you they will send us one ready cooked, all ready cooked!"

The father and mother began to laugh when they heard a knock at the door.

It was a covered cart, out of which came a cook, his assistant, and all the accessories of a first-rate dinner.

"We come from the person whom Master Wolfgang Mozart met at the entrance of the forest," said the cook as he entered. Then he placed upon the table as his assistant brought them out of the cart, various dishes ready dressed, some bottles of wine, and all the materials of an excellent dinner.

"Can you inform me, my good friend, who was the person who sends you?" said M. Mozart to the cook.

"I cannot satisfy you, sir," said the man, respectfully.

The *maître de chapelle* insisted.

"Well, then, sir, your son knows who sent me," said the cook.

"Yes," cried Wolfgang, "and Frederica knows him, too; it was the messenger and friend of the great St. John Nepomucene!"

"For heaven's sake explain this mystery," said M. Mozart to the cook.

"Sir," replied the man, "I can tell you nothing, except that the dinner is paid for—you can eat it without hesitation. If you wish to know more, let your son place himself at the piano, and improvise a sonata, then the person will appear. Do not ask me any more questions for I must not answer them."

The dinner being served, the cook retired with his assistant, mounted his cart, and drove away.

Little Wolfgang was the first to break silence after the departure of the cook.

"Well," he said, "did not I tell you?"

"Ah, brother!" said Frederica, "I thought that the strange gentleman was making sport of us, but now I see myself that it was not so."

"My dear children," said M. Mozart, "let us sit down to the table. The gentleman who has sent us this dinner is doubtless a good friend who has been sent to us, even though he may not be the messenger of St. John Nepomucene. Let us drink his health—his name is unknown to us, but the remembrance of him will always remain in our hearts!"

You may suppose how merry they were over that repast; the family of Mozart had never dined so splendidly. As to the children, they had never seen such a feast; and they were still in the midst of their joy, when the clock of a neighboring convent struck two. Wolfgang bounded from his chair.

"Where are you going?" inquired his mother.

"To compose a sonata, to make the gentleman appear, who gave us the dinner."

Then he placed a little stool, upon which he stood, before the piano, for he was so little that his elbows did not reach the keys.

At first he ran up the scales, with an energy and precision extraordinary in a child so young and feeble; then he passed to the modulation of chords, and finally improvised a theme so sweet, so soft, that the *maître de chapelle* and his wife remained dumb with surprise. Then as he abandoned himself to the experience of his infantine imagination, his fingers flew over the keys; touched with the hand of a master they would not utter their full sound; then gently pressed, caressed as it were, they would give forth tones so expressive, that tears stood in the eyes of Mozart and his wife.

Softened, moved beyond expression by the melting sounds which Wolfgang drew from his instrument, they all forgot not only the dinner, but the promised visit of the stranger.

"Come hither, that I may embrace you, Master Wolfgang Mozart!" cried M. Mozart, with the enthusiasm of a

father and an artist; "with the help of God, our Lady, and the great St. John Nepomucene, thou wilt be one day a great performer, a great composer, a great man! But who will push thee forwards in the world, poor unknown child; who will rescue thee from the obscurity in which thou art plunged by my poverty? Who will protect thee?"

"I will!" exclaimed a voice from without. It was that of the stranger. On beholding him, Wolfgang ran and took hold of his hand.

"See!" he exclaimed, "there is the friend of the great Nepomucene."

Scarcely, however, had M. Mozart set his eyes on the stranger, than, rising with an aspect of deep respect, he bowed profoundly, as he said:

"His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria."

Some days after this adventure, Madame Mozart was shedding tears, while she prepared for the departure of her son.

"We are going to the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, that queen so great so wise, and so virtuous; we are going there at the invitation of her august husband himself, Francis the First."

"At six years old, to begin a life of labor," said the poor mother, stifling her sighs.

"But I shall work for you, dear mamma, and that will be a life of pleasure," replied Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour afterwards, M. Mozart and his son were on their way to Vienna. On their arrival they were informed that the emperor would receive them the next day. At the same time, orders were given for the arrangement of a concert, to which all the lords and ladies of the court were invited, to hear the wonderful child.

The next day the elder Mozart went out to visit his friends, and on his return he found his son capering about the chamber.

"I have said my prayers and practiced," exclaimed the boy, "and now I am resting myself."

"A pretty sort of rest," replied the father, laughing.

"Every one, papa," answered the boy, "follows his own fashion."

When the evening came, Wolfgang was conducted by his father to the imperial palace. The *maître de chapelle* was dressed in black. His son wore a court costume; a little coat of lilac cloth, with a vest of the same color, rose-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles.

A master of ceremonies introduced them to the concert room, where nobody had yet appeared. The first thing that Wolfgang observed was a superb piano, before which he quickly stationed himself; his father went out into a balcony which overlooked the magnificent gardens of the palace. Wolfgang, alone in the vast saloon, lighted as for a royal feast, was seated before the piano, his little fingers flying with wonderful rapidity over the keys, when he heard the voice of a child near him say—

"Oh, how well you play! Are you little Mozart that they have all been talking about?"

Wolfgang turned his head, and saw beside him a little girl of about seven years old, very richly dressed.

"How beautiful you are!" was the reply of the Bohemian boy.

"Oh, never mind that!" said the little girl. "But tell me, are you Wolfgang Mozart?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"And who taught you to play so well on the piano?"

"My father."

"And is it not tiresome to learn? Are you not obliged to practice a great deal?"

"Yes, and sometimes that fatigues me, and then I say a prayer, and ask for the help of the great St. John Nepomucene, that I may have courage and good-will, and he always gets it for me."

"And who is the great St. John Nepomucene?"

"The saint of Bohemia!"

"Why is he called saint of Bohemia?"

"Because there is a statue of him on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague."

"That is no reason!" said the little girl, impatiently.

"I know his history, and can tell you all about him," said Wolfgang.

"Oh, tell me!" said the little girl, "I shall like to hear it!"

"Listen, then,"—and the little Mozart proceeded to relate what he knew of the life and martyrdom of the Bohemian saint.

As Wolfgang was finishing his story, he heard a great rustling of silken robes, the sound of satin slippers, and the waving of satin and flowers; and looking around he saw with astonishment that the saloon, which was empty a few moments before, was now filled with beautiful ladies and fine gentlemen.

He rose, blushing and confused.

"Do you not remember me?" said a gentleman, approaching him.

"And this is the queen, Maria Theresa," said Francis, leading the little Mozart towards a lady, about forty-five years of age, and in all the lustre of her beauty; who received the child with the most unbounded kindness.

Little Mozart was then seated at the

piano, and then smiling at those who surrounded him, and particularly at the little girl, who still kept near him, he began to play. His execution was so perfect, his little fingers passed with such facility from a quick and difficult movement, to a measure slow and melodiously accented, that the illustrious audience uttered a cry of admiration at the wonderful and precocious talent which he displayed.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
 One copy, one year, \$1.50
 Clubs of ten, 1.25
 If not paid within six months, \$2.00
 These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
 Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

How to Use the Book of Common Prayer.

It seems to be generally conceded by the members of the different Protestant religious bodies that educated deaf-mutes can receive the greatest pleasure and profit by attending the services of the Episcopal Church. With a little attention on the part of friends and a little exertion on their own part they can soon understand how to find all the places in the Prayer Book and the lessons in the Bible and thus to join intelligently in the service. They, of course, lose the sermon unless some good friend will learn the manual alphabet and spell as rapidly as possible some of its points. If no one can be found to attempt this, the deaf-mute worshipper can have a printed sermon or tract to read during the delivery of the sermon.

To those of us who have, for some time, been regular attendants upon the services of Episcopal churches in different places, the use of the Prayer Book has become so familiar that we have almost forgotten the difficulties with which we had to contend at the start. We are, however, occasionally reminded of these difficulties by letters asking for advice as to the use of the Prayer Book.

To deaf-mutes residing in any of the places in which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet or his associates in "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" are at work, we say, go to friends of yours and they will tell you just what to do. To deaf-mutes residing in places where no special services for them have been held, we say, overcome any natural timidity or diffidence which you may have and call at once on the rector of the Episcopal church. Enter into conversation with him by writing. Tell him that you desire to become a regular attendant at his church. Ask him for a Prayer Book and a Church Almanac. Request him to show you how to use them. Tell him you would thank him to introduce you to some person by whom you may sit in the church and from whom you can have assistance in your first efforts to follow the service.

When the preparations have been completed, and you find yourself in church ready to make a beginning, we advise you to do what you notice the other members of the congregation doing. After you have entered the seat kneel at once for private prayers. Ask God to keep your thoughts from wandering and to worship Him in spirit and in truth, stand, kneel and sit with the congregation, you will find these changes of posture will assist you in your devotions. We kneel in prayer; stand in praise and sit while the lessons are read and the sermon is preached. If you go to the church on Sunday morning, you will find in the first part of the Prayer Book, a page on which is printed *Morning Prayer*. As the congregation rises, the clergyman reads one or two of the opening sentences taken from the Bible. He then reads the General Exhortation. After this, all kneel and unite in the General Confession. The clergyman, standing, pronounces the Absolution and then all unite in the Lord's Prayer. After the short verses, comes the Anthem, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, &c." Then we turn over to the middle of the Prayer Book and find the portion called the Psalter or Psalms of David. We turn to the day of the month and read the psalm appointed for Morning Prayer. At the end of each psalm these words are sung "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." After this the clergyman reads the First Lesson from the Bible. (The lessons for the different Sundays of the year are found in a Table near the beginning of the Prayer Book). Then follows the "Te Deum." We praise thee, O God. After which the second lesson is read. Then come the "Versicles, and the Prayers. After the prayer for the President and all in civil authority, we turn over several pages till we come to the Litany. After the singing of a hymn, we turn over to "The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion," and go as far as the end of the prayer, "O Almighty Lord and everlasting God, &c." We then use the collect, epistle and gospel for the Sunday. Then follow the notices, a hymn, the sermon, the offering, prayer and benediction.

When the Holy Communion is celebrated, you had better ask your friend to show you the portions of the Prayer Book which are used. If you go to church on Sunday afternoon or evening, you will begin with Evening Prayer. You will find that much shorter, as we

do not use the litany or the Communion service.

We wish all our deaf-mute friends would form the habit of attending service at least once on every Sunday. By the constant use of the Prayer Book and Bible, they will keep alive the knowledge of the English language which they acquired in their school days. They will be led to think more and more earnestly of the wonderful truths of Christ's religion, and, with God's blessing, to become faithful communicants of the Church of Christ.

These thoughts are expressed with none of the spirit of sectarian proselyting, but with the firm conviction that for educated deaf-mutes, the Church which uses the Book of Common Prayer, is the best. We believe that if our deaf-mute friends will make a persistent trial of all the privileges of its wonderful system, they will heartily agree with us. We propose to print from week to week a table like the following, to guide those who are trying to intelligently use the Prayer Book:

A TABLE, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, August 27th.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Deuteronomy IV, to verse 41.

2d Lesson—Matthew XVII.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Deuteronomy V.

2d Lesson—James III.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Deaf-Mute Service.

In accordance with the previous announcement, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet held a service in Grace Church last Sunday at 3:30 p. m., for the benefit of deaf-mutes. He also preached for the regular congregation at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

The service at 3:30 was more particularly in the interest of the deaf-mutes, although all others were invited to be present. About fifteen deaf-mutes were in attendance and there were several hearing persons who seemed to take much interest in the proceedings. At the deaf-mute meeting Dr. Gallaudet referred to his frequent services here for deaf-mutes and said he felt quite at home here and was always pleased to hold such meetings for them. He gave a short account of his visit at Cherry Valley, N. Y., on Wednesday, August 16th. Upon arriving at that place he visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Story, the latter of whom is gradually sinking with that fatal disease, the consumption. Dr. Gallaudet administered the sacrament to Mrs. Story (at her house, she being unable to go to the church) and baptism to Mr. Story at the church in the evening. The account of his visit to the suffering lady was very pathetic, and the deaf-mutes present evinced their deep sympathy for their afflicted friend. Dr. Gallaudet then delivered the following sermon from Galatians V, part of the 16th verse—"Walk in the Spirit, enlarging upon some points of his text and elaborating some of the ideas embraced therein:

All persons who desire to obey this plain and simple precept of the inspired apostle Saint Paul, must strive to cultivate the three cardinal virtues of Christianity, i. e. faith, hope and charity. In order to obtain a high degree of spirituality in our religion it is necessary for us with the eye of faith to pierce through the mysteries which surround us and to gaze steadily on the pure light which beams forth from the Son of God. We must have faith in the wonderful story of his incarnation, earthly life, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and sending forth of the Holy Ghost to guide the twelve Apostles in founding the Christian Church, the mystical body of Jesus Christ. We must believe in this Church with its divinely appointed ministry and life-giving sacraments, as the means of preserving through all generations, the faith once delivered to the saints, and of bringing down to us the Holy Scriptures. With sincere faith in the whole gospel system, we shall see at once that to really walk in the spirit, we must be devout communicants of the Church. Every time we partake of the Holy Communion with repentance and faith, we shall be more completely filled with the Holy Ghost, and rise to higher degrees of Christian character. Our hearts will be filled with more earnest desires to act as the representatives of Christ, and to lead all, over whom we have any influence, to come to Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Communion. We need faith to believe that there will always be a struggle between good and evil during our lives on the earth; that while we try to obey the precepts of the loving Savior, we shall have to contend with the temptations of Satan. We need increasing faith in prayer; in the providence of our Heavenly Father; in the care of the Good Shepherd, as we shall pass through the valley of death; in the angels who will bear our departing spirits to paradise; in the resurrection; in the righteous decisions of the Judge of the quick and the dead; and in the inalienable bliss of the heavenly city. Such faith as this is not a process, an instantaneous act of the mind. It is a Christian grace to be cultivated and strengthened by working in God's appointed ways. Upon such faith, as the divinely blessed foundation, we shall be encouraged by hope to erect the chaste superstructure of charity in which we shall have abundant opportunity to make advancement in spiritual religion according to the concise precept of our text. If hope is important to the mere worldlyling, it is much more so to the Christian so dier, fighting bravely the battle of life. Even after our faith has become somewhat fixed, we see so many discouragements within us and around us that we should go down to the lowest depths of despair, were not hope coupled with our faith. Let

us therefore constantly cultivate this Christian grace of hope. Let us put away all doubts and anxieties for the future, and hope steadily on that happiness may crown each opening day, and calm repose characterize each folding night. Let us hope that we shall live long enough to see all our earthly sorrows turned into joy, and let us be able to say that we have a pure, bright hope of one day soaring to those mansions of whose beauty and glory, mortals can form no conception. Thus shall we be walking in the spirit as time rolls on.

Faith, hope and charity seem so joined in the gospel system that we can scarcely think or speak of one without implying the presence of the other. Alas! how few critical, theological disputants seem to remember, however, that charity is greater than faith or hope. By and by, when we shall have entered heaven, there will be no need for faith and hope. They will, as it were, be swallowed up in love. Dear friends, we should pray earnestly for the increase of this marvellous grace of charity, for however firm may be our faith and bright our hope, we are far from the standard of perfect love. We need pure and constantly increasing love to God, to guard us against loving ourselves, and the persons and things about us to excess, or to keep us from hating ourselves and others. We need self-denying and self-sacrificing love to mankind to lead us to patiently work for their good even though they treat us with ill-will.

When we find our faith deepening, our hope brightening, and our charity widening, we may be sure that for Christ's sake, we belong to that blessed company, who are striving to "walk in the spirit."

In order to cultivate these three Christian graces of faith, hope and charity to the best advantage, let me advise all the unbaptized to accept the Saviour's gracious invitation, to be born of water and of the spirit. Let the baptized in confirmation or "the laying on of hands" (see Hebrews VI, 2), be admitted to the "royal priesthood" and then often spiritually feed on the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Communion. Thus shall there be a healthy growth to their spiritual life and a preparation for the Marriage-supper of the Lamb in the Heavenly Jerusalem.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The General Manager of this society, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet visited Cherry Valley, N. Y., on Wednesday, the 16th inst. Mrs. J. E. Story, a lady beloved by many of our readers, had anxiously awaited his coming. Having been an invalid for several months, she had desired to receive the Holy Communion at his hands. The solemn and touching service was held at her residence, about half past five in the afternoon. Those who gathered around their dear friend on this occasion, realized that she was approaching the evening of her earthly life. It was a comfort and encouragement to all to see in her gracious bearing, a manifestation of the reality of the Christian religion.

In the evening there was a service in Grace Church. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted for the Rev. Mr. De Mille. Mr. James E. Story was baptized, Mr. Edward P. Hart, of Rochester, being his witness. After an address by Dr. G. on the general work undertaken by the Church Mission to deaf-mutes, Rev. Dr. Lord, of Cooperstown, preached. His sermon was interpreted in signs for the benefit of the deaf-mutes, several of whom had come from surrounding towns. The offerings for the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes amounted to \$21.59.

Will go to the Centennial.

A. F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., will leave home for the Centennial on the 6th of September, and will probably remain in Philadelphia for about three weeks. Mr. Osgood will stop at his cousin's new hotel, the "Belmont," corner of Ogden and 41st St., West Philadelphia, which (the hotel) he describes as a very quiet, cool place four blocks from the Exposition grounds, and surrounded by a beautiful maple grove. The House is well patronized by distinguished visitors both American and foreign.

Mr. and Mrs. George Homer and several other deaf-mutes of Boston, will go to the Centennial some time during the month of September.

The Language of Signs.

Many persons are, no doubt, under the impression that the deaf and dumb talk to each other by the means of the finger-alphabet; but the use of this presupposes a knowledge of the meaning of words and letters, which the deaf and dumb child can hardly be taught till intelligible communications have been established with it. Alphabetical speech is slow and clumsy. Whereas the deaf-mute speaks to his comrades as rapidly if not as precisely, as we do by means of vocal speech. He uses a copious and expressive language of signs, indicating words and ideas by means of simple motions and gestures. This language has the advantage of being natural and universal. English, French, and German children, to a great extent, understand each other, and even a North American Indian would be able to talk with them all, it being a curious fact that many of the signs used by the Indian tribes are identical with those of the deaf and dumb schools of Europe. Mr. Taylor states that a Sandwich Islander and a Chinese both made themselves understood in an American deaf and dumb Institution. The "gesture-language" is also connected with spoken language in two remarkable ways. Among low savage tribes, there are cases in which gestures have to be supplemented to make conversation intelligible, and it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that at an earlier stage of civilization the proportion of gestures to words would be greater than it is now.—*The Kanaucha Visitor.*

The Texas Deaf and Dumb Institution.

TROUBLES IN MANAGING IT—THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT OVERHAULS THE REPORT OF THE PRESENT SUPERINTENDENT—REPLY OF PROFESSOR VAN NOSTRAND TO GENERAL McCULLOCH'S REPORT.

(From the Galveston News, Aug. 12, 1876.)

General McCulloch, Superintendent of the Texas Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, in a report recently submitted to the Governor, having seen fit to censure indirectly my administration of the affairs of said institution, I beg leave respectfully to submit the following reply to some of the statements and assertions contained in said report:

The tract of land containing fifty-seven and a half acres now owned by the institution, was selected and purchased by the Board of Trustees in 1858, as affording a suitable and commanding site for the buildings and of a public institution. Many incidental advantages were taken into consideration, and experience has proved the wisdom of the selection. As it was never intended for farming purposes, all the improvements have had reference to the one end of beauty and adornment, and in pursuance of this object the premises have been inclosed under one exterior fence, and all interior fences removed.

The buildings now upon the premises have always been regarded as temporary and ultimately to be replaced by others of a more suitable and permanent character, and better adapted to the purposes of an institution, whenever the financial condition of the State would justify a sufficient appropriation for their erection. It has therefore been the policy of the Board of Trustees to spend no more than was absolutely necessary on buildings ultimately to be removed and replaced by others. Nevertheless, they have always been kept in good repair, and were as comfortable and convenient as could be expected under the circumstances. The interior of the school-room and of the boys' lodging-room is not so grateful to the eye as could be desired, but the rooms are comfortable and have been in use for many years without complaint from any one. The inmates of the institution, both officers and pupils, had learned to submit to the slight inconveniences which a regard to economy had imposed upon them.

The Superintendent's house needed only two or three coats of whitewash on its interior walls. The roof was perfectly sound, having been re-shingled only a few years ago. This house, and those near it, are just as much in need of repainting as the rest of the houses on the premises, all having been painted about three years ago. And it is not easy to see how the furniture in the Superintendent's house is exposed to the elements, unless it is the element of fire.

In regard to the furniture of the "institution proper," the same policy of economy has been pursued, and only that of the plainest kind, has been purchased, and in quantities just sufficient for present use.

The supply of groceries—that is, "of sugar, coffee, rice, beans, tea, molasses and dried apples"—on hand, when I left the institution, was amply sufficient for the remainder of the fiscal year (to Aug. 31).

"Flour, hard potatoes," and such articles as were purchased in smaller quantities and as required, "canned fruit and preserves," were not included in the bill of fare in the old days of economical administration. The unexpended balance of the appropriation—three thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars and ninety-three cents (\$3878.93)—of the smallness of which the present Superintendent complains, was sufficient, with proper care, for the remaining six months of the year. There was not much margin for reckless expenditure and extravagance. With proper usage, much work could yet be done with the "old mules" and the "old wagon and harness," and the "old buggy" would have lasted the original owner for many years. It was still regarded as one of the best and most serviceable buggies in the country. By the original contract, the institution was to furnish the Superintendent with horses, carriages and a suitable outfit, but the former incumbent preferred to buy his own buggy and was content to use for his own driving the team necessary for the service of the institution. Not being a "240" man, or much given to horses, he was well satisfied with the steady going "old mules" he had driven so long and with the "old buggy," which had become as well known as he was himself. These mules being the only animals to be fed, the "small supply of provender" (corn, oats and fodder) would have been sufficient for the year, though insufficient, perhaps, for the enlarged "stable outfit" required by the new Superintendent.

The one paw, with the necessary "gear," sufficed for the work to be done when the institution was a school and not a mechanical or agricultural concern. Passing over General McCulloch's remarks on the garden, tools, etc., to which Mr. Oberwieser has so appropriately replied, I come now to his criticism upon the manner in which the pupils have been taught. Gen. McCulloch is not eminently fitted by education or experience to judge of this matter, but, as he has alluded especially to the two years when the "advanced pupils" were under my own care and instruction as the period when they were the "greatest sufferers from this lack of teachers," I presume he considers himself qualified to decide upon my ability and capacity as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. I do not propose to discuss this question with him, for, as Dr. Johnson observes, "there is a certain wisdom in the assumptions of man; first folly, which calm and dignified reason cannot stoop to controvert." Yet I will venture to say that if he had submitted his report to one of the advanced pupils for revision many of the grammatical errors which now disgrace it would have been corrected, and possibly it might have been written in a style more

suitable to an important public document. It is but justice to these pupils to say that during those "two years" they applied themselves to their studies with unremitting diligence, and needed neither whip nor spur.

The sharp teachings of experience have convinced Gen. McCulloch that he will need more teachers, but he fails to state the amount of money which will be required to supply this need, while he asks a specific sum to secure the services of experienced mechanics to teach trades. Does he fear to state the sum total for this department, when he has been told that, under an inexperienced superintendent, it would be necessary to secure a principal teacher, whose salary alone would probably be not less than two thousand dollars per year? Without teachers well educated in their art, the institution is valueless, and, as a school for the deaf and dumb, it had better be abolished.

How can a Superintendent, utterly incapable of comprehending the mental condition of deaf-mutes or of understanding wherein lies the difficulty of educating them into a knowledge of a written language, who cannot see why a child only one year under instruction can not reply to any written question, judge of the qualifications and capacity of his teachers?

If he fail in the education of his pupils, much more will he fail if he expects his mechanical and agricultural school to be a source of profit or even self-sustaining. In all other institutions, the mechanical department is subsidiary, and generally a charge on the resources of the institution.

I offered to Gen. McCulloch the results of my experience in the matter of clothing for the pupils, but he chose to buy his own whistle. Now he begins to whine about loss he may suffer and the dishonorable and discreditable means to which he may have to resort to avoid that loss. If he had continued the rule which I had adopted, and required the parents to send either the clothing or the money to purchase it, there would have been but few who would have failed to do so. Those few would have been very poor persons or children without parents, and the charity of the State could easily have been extended over them, and no one would have raised an objection. When I advanced the money necessary for the purchase of clothing it was with the distinct understanding that the institute should stand between me and ultimate loss. If the parents failed to pay I presented an account for uncanceled clothing bills. It was promptly approved by the board and paid. Gen. McCulloch can do the same if he possesses the confidence of his board, and it will be neither "dishonorable to himself nor discreditable to the State."

Having too late made the discovery of his total unfitness to preside over an educational institution, Gen. McCulloch seeks to cover his failure by converting it into an agricultural or mechanical school to be more within the range of his capacity. But he will hardly induce an intelligent community to believe that, for the deaf and dumb, an intellectual education is not quite as practical and necessary as instruction in any trade or handicraft. The latter can easily be obtained at home, while the former is attainable only at schools especially established for them.

J. VAN NOSTRAND.

STATEMENT.

To accompany the reply of Prof. J. Van Nostrand, the late superintendent of the "Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb of Texas," to the Report of Gen. Henry E. McCulloch, Superintendent, dated and submitted on March 30, 1876.

"The institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb of Texas," as it is styled in its charter, was incorporated on August 25th, 1859 (see Oldham & White's Digest, pp. 97-98.)

The board of five trustees, as follows: Hon. Wm. E. Jones, Gen. Thomas Green, Rev. Edward Fontaine, Dr. J. M. Litten, Francis T. Duffau, who were to organize and administer the funds of the institution, and to report their action to the Governor, proceeded to execute the trust conferred upon them by the charter.

They bought the land and buildings required, selected the officers for the institution, and did what was more necessary to set it in operation, as will more fully appear by reference to their reports, etc.

Convinced, after repeated consultations on the subject of the imperative necessity of having a well educated and experienced superintendent, one well skilled in his avocation, as well as in his peculiar profession, they, after close inquiry and correspondence, were so fortunate as to secure Prof. J. Van Nostrand, who had been for about nineteen years one of the faculty of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for that position.

A contract was made with him that he was to serve for a stipulated moderate salary, which was to be increased when the growth of the institution would warrant its augmentation. This stipulation never was fulfilled; on the contrary, for some time (exclusive of the period of the war, when he practically got nothing) the salary of the Superintendent was diminished.

Prof. Van Nostrand filled the position ably, faithfully and in a manner that caused the Board to have a just pride in their choice, from June, 1857, to March 1, 1876, a period of nearly nineteen years. Although during that period, owing to deaths and other causes, the board was more than once changed, the original contract with Prof. Van Nostrand was not set aside. No one ever questioned his integrity, and all of the trustees who served while he was Superintendent conceded him the respect and confidence which his long experience and eminent qualifications won for him.

After Governor Coke came into office he thought proper to appoint a new board. That board, actuated by a sense of public duty, declined to remove Prof. Van Nostrand, and to appoint a non-skilled superintendent to take his place.

Thereupon an act was procured to be passed, entitled, "An act regulating the affairs of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylums," on March 6, 1875. (See acts of 1875, chapter LIII, page 66.) By virtue of that act, which does not even give the true corporate names of the institutions sought to be interfered with, Governor Coke appointed Gen. Henry E. McCulloch Superintendent of what his charter terms "The Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb of Texas," who, instead of the Board, made to the Governor and not to the board the report above referred to, and to which the rules of propriety as well as justice, made it incumbent upon Prof. Van Nostrand to reply.

General McCulloch's report amounts to a grave imputation upon all of the Boards that have heretofore administered the Institution as well as upon his predecessor, and is believed to be unwarranted by the facts of the case.

It is not necessary to amplify the propositions contained in Professor Van Nostrand's "Reply." They are verified to some extent from personal knowledge of the writer, and in other respects from information and official data they can and will be proven to be true.

Very satisfactory objections exist to the change at the instance of a new Superintendent, who, untrained in his avocation, and wholly unskilled in the profession as an educator of deaf-mutes, of an educational institution for the young of both sexes into an agricultural or manual labor school, or sort of house of correction. Pupils receivable at ten years of age, in order to graduate with a common school education at seventeen, are not suitable to learn trades, and their parents have a right to select what occupation they shall pursue.

The girls ought not to be taught trades, but should, as heretofore, be instructed in cutting out and sewing and everything pertaining to housekeeping.

While the report referred to recommends that which would be necessary if the institution were an "asylum" for adults instead of a school for the young of from ten to seventeen years of age, it is to be noted that it does not even ask an appropriation to pay the salary of an educated, experienced and speaking teacher to supply the place of Prof. Van Nostrand, who, besides acting as Superintendent, did the extra work of instruction to the advanced pupils.

"The correctness of this 'Statement' can be established by the Legislature, if that body will take the testimony under oath of the surviving members of the former Boards that had it in their charge."

Howard Glyndon, the Deaf and Dumb Poetess.

Jennie June in Baltimore American.

This well known writer and poet is Laura C. Redden, a deaf-mute, who was educated at a school for deaf-mutes in Mystic, Connecticut, and has written some charming verses, though never able to hear a word spoken by herself or any other person in her life. Up to within a very few years she has not been able to utter an intelligible sound, but medical skill and modern science have finally succeeded in developing a peculiar voice, through which she can express herself to those accustomed to hearing it very well, but strangers find it extremely difficult to understand what it is she tries to say, and replies have invariably to be written or communicated by deaf and dumb alphabet.

The sound which she produces is precisely that of a materialized voice in a dark space. It is as if it were projected upon the air by some instrumentality in her throat, independent of her volition, for it comes with gasps and apparent effort, which is almost painful, and though it has sweet tones, is incapable of proper modulation, because the speaker does not hear herself, and can not graduate it as if it were entirely under her control and subject to her will.

But she is a very bright, attractive woman, nevertheless, dresses with great taste and is exceedingly fond of society. The romance of her life—for it had a romance—has ended, or perhaps only begun a new and more interesting chapter by her marriage last Wednesday to a young lawyer of this city, Mr. Edward W. Searing, a native of Western New York, where his family hold an influential position and are highly respected in the Friends' Society, to which they belong, and by the public at large.

Mr. Searing is a *vera avis novus a-days*. Possessed of a considerable talent, he is at the same time a man of high honor, industrious, loyal, devoted and true. The deaf-mute has really won a much better husband than many girls who have the use of their ears and their tongues.

I have heard on excellent authority that Miss Redden was engaged to be married once before to a Presbyterian minister who had known and loved her from childhood, but exercised tyrannical authority over her. Her wedding garments were even prepared, but he harassed her to such an extent, insisting that her life should be governed by such rigid laws, that she should only write religious tracts and hymns, and be subject in all things to his will as the rule of her faith and action, that at a late moment she rebelled and broke away from his dictatorialship. She said that it was not her fault if God had made the world seem a pleasant place to her, and if she felt more like singing songs than psalms, and praises than giving utterance to groans; that her whole nature cried out for freedom, for expression, for love and good will, and that to become the mere echo of his thoughts would be crucifixion. So the brave Laura gave up all idea of being "supported," and went on writing musical words out of her own heart, which found a response in the hearts of

many others, doing also "correspondence" and many other things, and gradually winning her way to acknowledged position. Her future residence will probably be in New York.

Arkansas Criminal History.

A Brutal Murder—Old Man Cooper, a Deaf-mute, Attacked by two Men and Brutally Butchered.

(Batesville Times, Aug. 13th.)

One of the most fiendish acts we have read or heard of for many years was perpetrated near Mountain View, Stone county, on the 4th, resulting in the brutal murder of Mr. Cooper, a deaf-mute, who was an old, honorable and well-to-do citizen of that county. The particulars of this fiendish tragedy, given us by a citizen of that county, are about as follows: Two or more years ago Kerley and Martin, the perpetrators of this deed, supposing the land, or a portion, on which Mr. Cooper lived was vacant entered it (as they thought). Mr. Cooper, however, finding out the game these men had played, and believing it "nipped in the bud," had his land surveyed, which survey showed that Kerley and Martin's entry had not touched it. Whereupon, seeing that they had failed to get their contemplated prize (Mr. C.'s land), and their little, lowdown rascality exposed to the public by said survey, they became enraged at Mr. Cooper, and nursed this work of the devil from day to day, week to week, month to month and year to year, until the day of the 4th, when, their cup of bitterness becoming full and overflowing, they armed themselves with huge knives and the devil's artillery (whiskey), marched on and attacked Mr. Cooper, butchering him in a manner that would chill the blood of the most hardened heart, stabbing him two or three times in the back, their knives penetrating to the handle, and once in the thigh, making a fearful gash down the leg.

During the brutal butchery a son of Mr. Cooper made an attempt to save his father from the hands of the fiends, when he was caught and held back by two or three of their supposed friends.

The sheriff, with a large posse, is in pursuit of the murderers, but up to this time we have not learned the result. It is rumored, however, by their friends that they are still skulking around in the neighborhood, and intend killing four more men before they leave.

Meteorology.

The warmest day of July, 1876, was 82°, on the 18th. There have been only two days warmer than this during the past ten years. These occurred in 1867 and 1868. Mercury rose to 80° or above on twenty different days. The average temperature at 7 A. M. was 65.7°; at 2 P. M., 81.7°; at 9 P. M., 67.1°. Mean, 74°.

Below will be found a table containing a list of the date and highest temperature in July, from 1854, down to the present time:

1854, July 20, 88°	1855, July 19, 92°
1856, " 17, 96°	1857, " 19, 93°
1858, " 10, 96°	1859, " 12, 86°
1860, " 19, 86°	1861, " 7, 88°
1862, " 6, 89°	1863, " 3, 86°
1864, " 18, 97°	1865, " 28, 87°
1866, " 16, 94°	1867, " 28, 94°
1868, " 14, 99°	1869, " 25, 91°
1870, " 24, 92°	1871, " 9, 93°
1872, " 3, 94°	1873, " 31, 88°
1874, " 7, 99°	1875, " 16, 86°
1876, " 17, 92°	

The summers in this region seem to alternate very regularly between heat and cold, i. e., a warm season then a cold one. In 1872, the summer was warm; in 1873, cold; 1874 was again a heated term, while 1875 proved itself the sater of '74. During May, young '76 was so cozy, so cool, so indifferent to our longings that we almost feared she would show herself the twin of '75, but June had scarcely budded in leaf and flower when she turned upon us so suddenly, glowing radiant, and has ever since been a jewel of constancy. Warm nights, warm mornings, hot noons. But notwithstanding the heat we do not remember to have known a July so ardent yet so gemmed with rain drops. The amount of rain-fall was 3.6 inches; this is 1.7 inches more than fell in July, 1875.

E. B. BARTLETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter from Maine.

A VISIT WITH A CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL—FINE RIDE, BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND A PLEASANT TIME.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Work having slackened up for a few days at the shop, I concluded to take a drive of twenty-seven miles into the country to visit your correspondent, Miss Myra E. Alden. Accompanied by my wife and a deaf-mute friend, we started and drove through Monroe, Swanville and Newburgh. As we passed along, we noticed the farmers had mostly secured their hay crop. We saw many fine fields of grain. Potatoes also looked flourishing; the Colorado potato bug perhaps having concluded for good reasons to tarry with our editorial friend. The picturesque and romantic hills of Dixmont at last loomed upon our sight. As we afterwards learned, they constitute the height of land between the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers. A coast surveying party beautified Butman Hill some years ago by erecting a signal station. From the summit of this hill is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, including Bangor and Belfast in the distance.

We arrived at the pleasant home of our friend, and were cordially received, and soon were cozily sipping tea out of quaint china of beautiful design, which our hostess informed us, had been an heirloom in her family for over one hundred years. We wondered if it came down in the Mayflower.

We made a very pleasant visit, spent the time in strolls over the fields, sitting on the lawn, talking over the old times of our happy school days at Hartford, and discussing Mr. Sweet's project, all agreeing to consider it impracticable, and that Miss Morrison's legacy should be donated to the Home for the Aged and Infirm, for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of New England. Lastly but not least we talked over the JOURNAL and unanimously voted it the best paper ever gotten up for deaf-mutes.

Finally, after dinner on the day following our delightful visit, came to an end, and we took leave of our kind hostess, having enjoyed the visit with her so well that we wish for its repetition at some future time. MARTINUS.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

It has been reported in this city that the Manhattan Literary Association intends holding a pantomimic entertainment next fall, and during the winter a ball or festival; the proceeds of both of which to be divided between the Building Fund of the "Home" and the Manhattan Association.

On the 29th of July a number of routes went to Prospect Park, where they enjoyed themselves playing croquet and other games until twilight, when they returned to their homes, expressing their surprise at the rapid rate at which Old Father Time flies. It has since been proposed to play this and other games at least twice a month, the next play to take place at the Park on the 19th inst.

On the 6th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, well known nuptials of New York, were made the happy parents of a son, which individual I am told they intend to name after the editor of the JOURNAL. Professors O. D. Cooke, of the North Carolina Institution, E. B. Nelson, of the Central New York Institution and Willis Hubbard, of the Michigan Institution, have been in town for the past week.

For sometime past the Brooklyn Times has been publishing articles about a "Hayes and Wheeler Deaf-mute Club," and also giving certain mutes a puff in its columns. I should like to know its authority for saying that it has five hundred members, when it is well known that that number of mutes does not reside on the whole of Long Island. The Sun of the 6th inst., says the club has but eight members, and I guess it is about right about it.

FANWOOD.

Mr. Clarence D. Little, the assistant steward of this Institution, was recently married. The numerous graduates who knew him in "ye good old days," will be glad to hear of this, as they had about given him up as a "confirmed old bachelor."

Mr. Edward Hodgson, the master type-setter at this place, has gone to Canada, but whether after a bride or not I am at this writing unable to say; but if on his return I find out that such is the fact, I will instantly inform the readers of the JOURNAL.

Mr. W. G. Jones, who graduated with high honors from the National College last June, has been appointed a teacher here. MONTMERE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1876.

Our Increasing Institutions and Homes.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Taking it for granted that the readers of your popular weekly would like to hear from an old correspondent, after several months' silence, and feeling an irresistible desire to write something of interest, I hope that the following may be acceptable to them:

It is surprising and pleasant to see how rapidly Institutions for the instruction of deaf-mutes are steadily increasing in number as time passes on.

Half a century ago there were but three schools for the education of the children of silence in America. During this short interval other towering branches have sprang forth from the fragile offshoots of the parent tree, which was planted and nurtured on New England soil by one of our most cherished benefactors, the late Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.

Within the last decade the State of New York taking the lead (owing to its increasing deaf-mute population), has added more than three or four institu-

tions to the one which has for so long ranked the highest in the Union, and which has fitted such a number of graduates for positions of usefulness in the great business world.

I see by your good paper of a late date that Illinois is about to follow the opportune example of New York, and appeal to its generous legislature for aid to carry out a like purpose.

Following closely in the wake of this multiplicity of schools, newspapers and a college for the intellectual benefit of educated deaf-mutes have come into existence, societies have been organized, and clubs formed. But one of the crowning features of all these essential improvements seems to be the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, which has, under Divine guidance, been the means of establishing a temporary Home for the Aged and Infirm in New York city. To show the vast amount of good which the Church Mission is still doing, this Home is soon to be transplanted to a permanent country site, where more of the afflicted of our people may seek a friendly shelter from the pitiless storms of life.

The New England deaf-mutes, not to be outdone, and true to their Yankee independence, have already set afloat measures for the building of an Industrial Home on their sturdy soil. Well done, New England friends. Continue on in your labors of Christian charity. "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

We must not be at all surprised, if at no distant day, we should hear of the opening of similar Homes in the South and in the West, and perhaps also, to use the words of Byron, "Over the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

As the lovely flowers are watered by the gentle rain from heaven, and are warmed into life and beauty by the genial rays of the bright sunshine, so the Institutions and the Home are constantly watched over by the loving care of a kind Father; and those who have them in charge are greatly encouraged in their work of benevolence by the tender sympathies of a true Christian people.

A SUBURBAN NEW YORKER.
New Dorf, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1876.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21, 1876.

Brazil is conspicuously prominent, so to speak, among the foreign countries represented at the Exposition. The late visit of the Emperor Dom Pedro has caused much to be written concerning that country which has tended to familiarize our people with their southern kinsfolk, as we have suddenly come to recognize them. A learned member of their Commission put the case strongly the other day: "We are Americans, as you; we claim to be as free a people as you; the only difference is that, with our Emperor, we are not vexed with the turmoil of choosing a ruler once in four years." The truth is that royal visitors heretofore have done little to seduce us from our allegiance to Democracy; but a king like Dom Pedro, who comes to this country to talk with its statesmen, savants and poets, who looks into the workings of schools, newspapers' homes, manufacturing and asylums, that he may be the better uplifted and ennoble his own people, is a dangerous man in a republic. What the central and provincial governments of Brazil under this sagacious head are doing to elevate the people is shown in the Brazilian school exhibits. No educational department in the Exhibition surpasses this in breadth of scope and accuracy of detail. The books, maps, pictures and cases of brilliant insects are all arranged, too, with an artistic sense of color and effect which hints that their director belongs to the tropics.

The exhibits made by Brazil in its picturesque court in the main building attract universal attention. Visitors linger in admiration over the beautiful flowers made from the feathers of birds whose plumage shadows in brilliancy the tints of the rainbow. The colors are like rays of prismatic light, and the textures are as soft as the mist itself. Here is a spray nearly two yards long. The stem and the branches, the leaves and the flowers, are all formed of the natural feathers, untouched by dye or artificial process of any kind, and the buds that seem ready to break into blossoms with the next noon sunshine are miraculous bugs of a silvery and golden sheen. Even more wonderful than the flowers are the brooches, earrings and pins, which are set with insects equalling in variety and lustre of color the most precious stones. Unseen, they cannot be imagined. The opal, the amethyst and the emerald must have been endowed with life when these magnificent creatures were created. There are some scarcely larger than a pea, which change in color from an emerald green to an azure as the light strikes them on either side; others as large as hazel nuts, which blaze with red; and others speckled and veined like pebbles with neutral tints. The insects lie in little trays among butterflies of enormous size and brilliant hues, whose wings are often grotesquely figured—one specimen particularly having an odd likeness to an owl's head. Besides these there are brooches and earrings formed of humming birds, larks, etc., beautifully and wonderfully made.

Although Brazil makes no specialty of silk manufacture, the Imperial Agricultural Institute at Rio Janeiro has for several years, with the assistance of the government, endeavored to give an impulse to silk culture, and the results of their labors are admirably displayed in the Brazilian Department in Machinery Hall. Various specimens of the silk-worm which are worthy of cultivation are found in abundance throughout the Empire. The moth is about an inch long, of a pale yellow color. The females are inactive, and die a few hours after depositing their eggs. These are about the size of mustard seeds. If the weather is warm and dry, the young will emerge in a few days, and almost immediately begin eating ravenously. When

full grown, they are three inches long and light green in color. It has been calculated that the product of an ounce of eggs eats upwards of 1,200 pounds of mulberry-leaves, and furnishes 120 pounds of cocoons. The cocoons consist of the sheath of loose filaments attached to the threads that support the whole, and beneath this the internal coat of soft, flossy silk, within which is the compact oval ball, or cocoon proper. The thread is pushed through two orifices in the nose of the worm, after being laid in successive coats in its constantly diminishing tenement, not regularly as around a ball, but, by being passed back and forth in one place after another, in such a manner that many yards may be wound off without turning over the ball. Before the chrysalis matures, and the moth can begin to eat his way out, the cocoons are exposed to a moderate degree of heat. The floss covering being opened at one end, the cocoon is slipped out and is then ready to be unwound. Four or five cocoons are placed in each of a number of compartments, in a sort of basin holding hot water, kept at a requisite temperature by means of steam pipes. The gummy matters are softened by water, and the fibre thus released. Next, the ends are caught up by a small broom, with which the cocoons are stirred, and those from each compartment being brought together are passed through an eyelet, which strips off a portion of the gum, and thence through several others to the reel. The silk, as taken from the reels, is made up into what are known as books, for exportation, and as hanks, for domestic use. All these processes are constantly going on in the Brazilian department, to the wonder and delight of crowds of interested spectators, who are in steady attendance throughout each day to witness the marvelous work of the insect silk spinners.

Some of the gawgaw vending Turks and Arabs at the Exhibition wish that they had stayed in Germany or west of the Mississippi, where they and their fathers before them were born and bred. Said one of them yesterday: "I tell yer, pard, at Vienna I make pushels of tollar; here, at dis Sentennial, I not make 'nough salt ter sprinkle a dom-dit's dail—'s help me!" This speech he accompanied with efforts to make known by gesture what he could not speak. His case is not an exceptional one. The proprietor of one of the "Holy Land" bazaars says that "he shut up next week and go home," if he does not before then begin to do some business. There are no less than seven of these "Palestine" bazaars, and while, perhaps, three-fourths of the attendants are what they represent themselves to be—Syrians, Turks or Arabs—all the others are innocent of Mohammedan blood. They have, however, succeeded admirably in tanning their faces—by a solar process or otherwise—and in adjusting to their persons a thoroughly Mussulman costume—a red fez cap, trousers resembling two salt-sacks joined from the waist to the knees, and having their mouths tucked tightly around the legs just above the ankles, and a dapper little embroidered jacket, of the zouave fashion. The keepers of most of the bazaars, instead of piling up a fortune, do no more than to clear expenses. The only ones making any show of success are those who offer the opportunity of purchasing "roses of Jericho," and cigar-cases, match-boxes, paper-weights and other fancy articles, "made of olive wood which grew in the valley of Jehosaphat, on Mount Hebron and other sacred places in Palestine." Such of these Oriental-class English gravely inform the tenth-century men that the American people are all afraid of being "sheatd," and have not the same relish for antiquities and sacred relics as was manifested by Europeans at former international exhibitions which these same Orientals attended.

The advance guard of the western and southern army of visitors is coming in lively now and the month of September will doubtless be the most active of the season. Next week is set down for a large attendance, as numerous excursions are to come during the week. Thursday is the great New Jersey day when 50,000 Delawareans are expected from across the Delaware. The first of a series of six foreign excursions is due Sept. 5th.

NORTH VOLNEY.

The prevailing drouth has brought sadness to many a countenance and sorrow to many a heart. We have been over four weeks without rain enough to wet down two inches, and the outlook is most discouraging. As it is, late potatoes will be seriously affected, while many early ones are completely "done for" at this writing. Corn on dry, sandy land will produce only a nubbin.

Mr. E. Gile, like "Jo" of Bleak House fame, continues to move on, seemingly against obstacles of fortune. A short time ago he lost a valuable cow by having one of her legs broken.

We would caution farmers to look up what they own nights that can be transported, for the annual fall thieving operations have commenced. One of our neighbors lost twenty-one turkeys the other night. This is but the introduction to what we may expect will follow on a larger scale as the weather grows more inclement, and it takes about four times the quantity of free lunch to keep a mortal warm as now.

Last Sunday F. W. Squires supplied the pulpit, by reading a sermon delivered in "ye olden time"—99 years ago.

EVES.

North Volney, Aug. 19, 1876.

At the Republican State Convention, held at Saratoga, yesterday, Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, was nominated for Governor. Sherman S. Rogers, of Erie, for Lieut.-Governor.

The six Fenian prisoners who escaped in April last from the penal colony in West Australia arrived in New York on Saturday last by the whaling bark Catalpa,

SEMI-CENTENNIAL REUNION OF MEXICO ACADEMY.

First Day—Splendid Opening.

The highest anticipations of our citizens in respect to the success of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Mexico Academy, have been fully realized. Old students and teachers began coming as early as Monday night, and by Wednesday between two and three hundred names were on the register. Wednesday dawned under the brightest of skies and with the most genial of temperatures. The pavilion tent procured from Rochester and capable of accommodating two thousand people was erected upon the grounds of Mrs. W. W. Rundell, adjacent to the Academy lawn, the privilege of using which she had generously contributed for the purpose.

At 9 o'clock A. M. of Wednesday the signal that preparations had all been completed, was sounded in form of the mingled ringing of all the village bells and the blowing of factory whistles. The Mexico Helicon Band stationed on Main street played favorite airs and then moved to the door of the tent, where music was rendered by them to the delight of the audience now fast increasing. Long before the hour advertised for beginning, the people began pouring down through Main and side streets, the footsteps all being directed toward the tent.

When Rev. B. F. Barker, Chairman of the Executive Committee, took the platform and announced the beginning of the exercises, there were few if any vacant seats in the spacious grounds. Elevated seats arranged in semi-circular form, afforded comfortable accommodations for all.

Mr. Barker called the assemblage to order and announced the opening of the exercises by prayer, which was offered by Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D., of New York.

A song of welcome was then sung by the large choir stationed on the platform, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Lewis Miller, the audience rising and joining in its conclusion, in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mr. Barker then announced the receipt of a dispatch from Lieut. Gov. Allen C. Beach stating that ill health would prevent his attendance. Although all present were naturally disappointed, great applause burst forth when the chairman announced the name of the substituted President of the occasion.

Judge John T. Kinney, of Nebraska City, Judge Kinney took the chair, first making a few appropriate remarks which was received with renewed applause by the audience.

The President then introduced L. H. Conklin, Esq., President of the village, who delivered the following address of welcome.

It falls to my lot by virtue of my village office to be the first one to speak at this semi-centennial, and as I don't expect to attend the next one I shall endeavor very briefly to perform the part assigned me.

I am a graduate of this school; therefore with all propriety I can say, "Old boys and girls of Mexico Academy" (or as we used to write in our books, "Rensselaer Oswego Academy," in the name and on behalf of the citizens of this place, I welcome you to this village and extend to you all its privileges. If we had the treasure of our ancient name-sake in the far South, I would present to each one of you the freedom of our village in a golden box.

However, your welcome is not the less sincere and hearty. May each one of you enter our shady streets and quiet homes, leaving behind all anxious cares, all burdens of the past, all sorrowful memories, and may the time you shall spend here be full of such innocent recreation and such a renewal of old, halcyon friendships as shall forever mark the 23d and 24th of August, 1876, with a white stone. Again, as the representative of my townsmen, I bid you all a hearty welcome.

Prof. Charles E. Havens, present principal of the academy, then gave the following address of welcome on behalf of the institution.

To the happy circumstance of my official position, rather than to any particular fitness, do I owe the honor and privilege of greeting to-day the assembled officers, students and friends of Mexico Academy, and in behalf of that institution of extending to you all a cordial, sincere, heartfelt welcome. Your faces are not easily recognized by us all, but your names have become almost as familiar to us as household words; for no one could be identified for even a brief period with the interests of this community and not hear the names of Kellogg and Kendall, Tyler, French, Beach, and scores of others equally honored. The people of Mexico have watched your several careers with a just pride, as your success you have added to the fame and enriched the history of their Academy; and I have often observed how joyfully they greet intelligence of your success and prosperity, and with what regret they learn of your misfortunes and disasters.

In the annals of this institution this occasion is unparalleled in interest. It marks the completion of fifty years of noble work. During these years she has been sending forth her children girded with wisdom and strength to engage in earnest, manly life-work. She has sent them into pulpits, and who shall number the souls that they have shown the Way of Life; who shall measure the good that they have wrought! At the bar and on the bench her sons have been preeminently successful, and their names are everywhere hailed with honor and respect. To the "healing art" she has made abundant contribution. The teacher's desk and professor's chair have often been occupied by her representatives, and it is needless for me to say that they have filled those positions with rare wisdom and ability. But I leave these subjects and these vague, general state-

ments to abler and worthier hands. Suffice it for me to say that into every field of usefulness, into every walk and avenue of life, the students of the Academy have gone, and in the hour of duty have never been wanting. Their voices have been heard in the forum, in legislative chambers, in halls of learning; and even when the dread cry of battle was heard and the life of the Republic was menaced, teacher and student alike responded to their country's call.

I cannot refrain from adding a word concerning the many noble women who have here received instruction. How many homes are graced by their presence! How large the wisdom, how deep the influence that they wield not only in domestic economy, but also in the more general interests of their respective communities!

It is fitting, then, that Mexico Academy should call together her children who have done her such honor, to celebrate with her the attainment of her fiftieth anniversary. And so the call has been sent throughout the land, bidding them to a grand reunion festival. We rejoice at the general and hearty response that has come to us. We thank you that you are present to join in the festivities of the celebration, that you have remained loyal to the old Academy, some of you now for wellnigh the whole limit of her existence. We bid you all a most hearty welcome back to the scenes of earlier days, to the joys and friendships of your Academy life, and may not a happiness of recollection mar the single unpleasant recollection that may be yours of the hour. May the joys and attainments we commemorate be real, and may this, indeed, be to all a happy festival occasion. We welcome you to the literary feast that will be furnished, to the social features of this reunion, to everything that has been prepared to make this gathering cordial and joyous.

As reminiscences are related, and impulses that you may have received here are revealed; as you shall tell us of some of the struggles you were obliged to make to secure your education, and of the obstacles you encountered in your subsequent lives, and for which these earlier ones prepared you, I am confident we shall all gain some new inspiration, and shall be led to place a higher estimate upon the fruits of these fifty years, whose completion we commemorate. If by this reunion greater courage shall be aroused and enthusiasm in our work shall be stimulated; if a more general and powerful sentiment in favor of education shall be created; if we shall become convinced that the labor and money expended for this Academy have not been an unproductive investment; that it is worthy the support of its friends and students; and if the determination be made that it shall never go backward, but that its facilities shall be enlarged, that its influence shall grow broader and deeper, then something of the purpose that the originators of this celebration had in view will be accomplished.

It is but just to say that both these addresses were received by the audience as most fitting and appropriate to the occasion. The following address was then given by the President, Judge Kinney:—

I sympathize with you in your disappointment consequent upon the failure of Gov. Beach to make the response to the eloquent address of welcome just delivered. Positioned as I am, few words from me will become the occasion.

A reunion of the teachers and students of Mexico Academy was a most happy thought. At all times, after a long separation, it is pleasant to meet to exchange greetings, to renew old friendships and to rekindle the fires which ever burned so brightly upon the altar of an early love; but more especially is all this true when students, after long years of separation come together. No time for a reunion of the teachers and students of this Academy could have been more interesting than the present semi-centennial anniversary of the Academy in this the centennial year of our country's greatness.

We respond to your kind invitation to this reunion. We have come from the east, the west, the north and the south; have come to renew old friendships, to exchange felicities, to uncover from the buried past early reminiscences; come to live over again our student lives; come to thank our teachers for their fidelity in leading us safely along the toilsome and perplexing pathway of the student's life; come to support and encourage each other in the discharge of those higher responsibilities which rest upon us as men; come, that with united hearts we may offer thanksgiving to Him who has so wonderfully spared our lives and permitted us upon earth to enjoy this great blessing.

We come to this reunion bringing with us the fruits we have gathered on the wayside along the journey of life, since we left the classic walls of the Academy. All of the learned professions are here represented. Without vanity, but as a becoming tribute due to the earlier teachers of the Academy, we bring to you the history of our lives dedicated to the Academy, securely bound in one huge volume, miscellaneous in its character, containing treatises upon elementary law, upon the constitution, judicial opinions discussing and defining the objects of government, and the rights of the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property; containing also the history of eminent men and women, dissertations upon science, upon medicine and surgery. Also you will find in this large volume the way to a higher and better life, clearly defined, and the whole beautifully set in jewels furnished by the genius of song. We offer all upon the altar of love for an institution which did so much for us, and to whose influences we are largely indebted for what there has been and is of usefulness in our lives. Accept, Mr. President, the offering, and citizens of Mexico the hearty thanks of the teachers and students of the Academy for this reunion, and you, gentlemen, our thanks for the cordial and eloquent

addresses of welcome.

When the applause which followed the conclusion of the president's remarks had subsided the choir rendered a song entitled "Hours of Sunshine," which evoked many demonstrations of approval.

The following programme was then given, but we defer publication of the addresses until a subsequent issue.

"The Academy and the Legal Profession."—Hon. Amos G. Hull, of New York.

Music.—"A Hundred Years Hence." "The Academy and the Medical Profession."—James V. Kendall, M. D., Baldwinsville.

Music.—"Ode to Science." The exercises of the morning were concluded by the benediction, pronounced by Rev. J. H. Lamb, of Madison.

It was cause for general regret when it became known that Rev. Lewis Kellogg, of North Granville, a student and teacher in the Academy almost at its beginning, had been taken suddenly ill, and obliged to return to his home.

He had arrived at the house of Mr. S. H. Stone on Monday; and was expected to deliver the decade speech, 1826-1836, on Wednesday evening. For the purpose of preparing this he had come in advance of the time appointed, and many expressions of disappointment were heard to be uttered by the lips of many of the older students present.

Among the many old faces to be seen on Wednesday, were Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kendall, New York; Mrs. A. P. Marshall, Brooklyn; Mrs. C. F. Bucher, Sandusky, Ohio; Miss Helen Frisbee, Sandusky, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. P. M. French, Syracuse; Miss Harriet Stitt, Syracuse; Mrs. C. G. Hinkley, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Holmes, Syracuse; S. N. Holmes, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stone, Syracuse; Prof. and Mrs. J. R. French, Syracuse; Miss Ella French, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Tuller, Syracuse; Hon. A. G. Hull and wife, New York; Miss Mary E. Trewbridge, Logansport, Ind.; Elecia R. Bishop, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitney, Oswego; Mrs. Mary T. Brown, Oswego; Mrs. H. A. Brown, Oswego; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Coon, Oswego; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gillispie, Oswego; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Pulver, Oswego; Mrs. J. Curtis, Oswego; Hon. Cheney Ames, Oswego; W. H. Kenyon, Esq., Oswego; W. G. Robinson, Esq., Oswego; Mr. William R. Heath, Utica; J. J. Lamoore, Esq., Oswego; Miss Julia Root, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. French, Chicago, Ill.; F. S. Stone, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Hon. R. H. Tyler, Fulton; Dr. J. V. Kendall and wife, Baldwinsville; Hon. C. Whitney and wife, Oswego; Wm. B. Smith, Utica; Hannah C. Root, Mannsville; Mrs. Chas. Bodman, Bagley, Ill.; Henry Nichols and wife, Fulton; Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, New York, S. N. Brewster, Hannibal; Joseph, Dixon, Hannibal; E. D. Palmer, Parish; Rev. A. P. Burgess, Newark, N. Y.; Miss Mary D. Hickox, Canandaigua; Justin Tyler, Napoleon, Ohio; P. M. Newton, Esq., Sandy Creek, N. Y.; Prof. D. C. Kellicott, Buffalo.

The attendance in the afternoon and evening was very large, and the exercises (an account of which will be given in our next issue), were of much interest.

OBITUARY.

—James Smith, of Chicago, is visiting his old home.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Temple and Mrs. Beals are at the Thousand Islands.

—Provision for the banquet will be received at the Academy any time after 9 o'clock this morning.

—Miss Hattie Peck, of Kankakee, Ill., is visiting her brother, D. W. C. Peck.

—A large and handsome Hayes and Wheeler flag was hung to the breeze last Friday, and now floats proud and free.

—The Baptist Sunday School, of this village, held their annual picnic at Pleasant Point, on Thursday last.

—Mr. Hulbert, nephew of Mr. A. Murray, preached very acceptably in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning.

—Mrs. Dr. Byington and children, of Louisville, Ky., are visiting at at Mrs. Milton Dyrington's.

—Mrs. Charles Bodman, of Baileyville, Ill., is visiting her many friends in this place, all of whom are glad to meet her.

—E. L. Huntington is spending money pretty freely nowadays. He has not only had his roof newly shingled, but has a new and handsome sign.

—Mrs. Wheeler Brown, of this village, has successfully treated Tia Johnson for a tape worm, of about twenty feet in length.

—Rev. George P. Mains, of New Britain, Conn., preached an excellent sermon in the Methodist church last Sunday morning.

—The union service which was held in the Methodist church, last Sunday night, was largely attended, and was addressed by Rev. J. P. Stratton.

—Mr. John Parson, of this town, was struck down a few days since while engaged in threshing. We are glad to learn that he is gradually recovering.

—H. W. Slack is spending a few days in town, after which he goes to St. Paul, Minn., to fill the position of Principal in one of the ward schools.

—Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who is visiting friends in this village, preached in Grace church last Sunday morning and evening, and at 3:30 p. m. held a service for the deaf-mutes, which was well attended.

—Susie Hartson lost a sun umbrella at the Presbyterian picnic. It was left in the bus and some one might have taken it by mistake. The person will oblige by returning it to her.

—Michael C. Kerr, Speaker of the House of Representatives, died at Rock Bridge, Alum Springs, Va., Saturday evening.

—There was a very destructive storm in Western Missouri on Saturday.

Dempster Grove Camp Meeting.

The Second Annual Camp Meeting in Dempster Grove will commence Wednesday, August 30, and hold eight days. A large outlay has been made this summer in perfecting the improvements so well advanced last year. All will be in the best of order for the meeting. The grove is a most beautiful one. Its location is in one of the finest portions of the county and among an intelligent and well disposed community. The improvements embrace fencing, clearing, grading, barn, boarding house, very fine preachers' stand, on either side of which are beautiful fountains, movable seats, water works supplying different parts of the grounds, through hydrants, etc., etc. All things considered, Dempster Grove ranks among the finest Camp Grounds in the country.

The trustees have arranged to accommodate every want of the meeting, all within the inclosure, and at very reasonable rates. Good board will be furnished at \$1.00 per day; 50 cents for dinner; 40 cents for breakfast or supper; or \$5.00 per week. Lodgings in furnished cottage at 40 cents per night for half of double bed, or \$2.00 per week; for double bed per night 70 cents, or \$3.50 per week. These will include occupancy of cottage during the day if desired. To clergymen and their families there will be a discount of 20 per cent. from the above rates. General supplies will be kept in the boarding house.

Horsekeeping will be furnished as follows:
Horse to hay per day, \$0.25
" " per day and night, .35
" " per week, .200
" " and oats, .45

Lumber for floors and for putting up tents will be rented for 50 cents per hundred, early orders being given to Rev. H. M. Danforth, Fulton. If cut or nailed there will be an extra charge. Straw and wood will be furnished at reasonable rates.

Admission to the meeting will be, per day, 10 cts.; for the entire meeting, 25 cents. Children under 12 year of age and carriages will be free.

The R. W. & O. R.R. and its Connections will make no reduction of fare for the meeting, but will transport baggage and camp equipment free.

The transportation of passengers and baggage to and from the depot will be done by parties employed by the trustees, and at a fixed rate. The charge for passengers each way will be ten cents, and baggage cared for by the owner will be free. No other passenger or baggage wagon from the depot, will be admitted.

This enterprise was inaugurated last year, when the first meeting was held. Though unavoidably many parts of the improvements and arrangements were incomplete, the meeting was counted an exceedingly fine one; the attendance large, the order complete, the preaching, and the various services excellent, and the results glorious in the conversion of many souls, the quickening and sanctification of believers, and in helping the pulse of religious life throughout the patronizing region. Never will the closing service on Wednesday be forgotten by those who were present, because of the wonderful manifestation of the Divine Presence. While it is under the special care and patronage of the Oswego District, we not only invite a general attendance of the district, but of any from adjoining districts who will be accommodated by it. We also most cordially invite our sister denominations to join with us in all the privileges and work of the meeting.

The prospect seems good for a large and successful meeting. It is earnestly recommended that as far as possible tents be put up previous to the day for commencing, and the Friday preceding be observed in all our churches as a day of fasting and prayer for its success. Brethren, let us allow no lack in making ample and timely preparations for this occasion. We believe it will abundantly repay in gracious results.

B. F. BARKER.
Mexico, August 22, 1876.

The Sunday-School lessons for September touch upon the wine question, the Scripture selection for the first Sabbath being Prov. 23: 29-35. Beside its own interesting and able exposition of that and the other lessons for the month, *The National Sunday School Teacher* publishes two remarkable articles, one by Prof. S. C. Bartlett, D. D., and the other by Rev. W. M. Thayer. The first takes the ground that sometimes the Bible commended the use of fermented wines, and the second that it only commended unfermented wine and always condemned alcoholic wines. Both men are total abstinence men, but on this question represent the conflicting opinion of the scholars of the present day. Those who wish to know the *pro* and *con* of the matter should read those two articles. Beside these there are other contributions and the usual racy editoria matter. All-ative blackboard exercises are amusingly and admirably satirized by the editor, who does not believe in sham instruction in blackboard ledger-grammar. It is accompanied by *The Little Folks*, which has been most widely and deservedly commended. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer, and Lyon Pub. Co.

—Flora and Susie Hartson have charge of the flowers in the Presbyterian church during the present quarter. Their decorations last Sunday were in very good taste.

—A black silk serge parasol, with horn handle and chain attached to the handle, was lost at the Presbyterian picnic last Thursday. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at this office.

—We have heard some complaint of late because the lamps in front of the churches have not been lighted these dark nights. Elderly people find a great deal of difficulty in reaching the side walk in safety.

Married Life in Bombay.

In one of the Bombay courts a Hindu woman was recently charged before Mr. Dombay Framjee, the magistrate, with assaulting the mother of her betrothed. She was of the blacksmith caste, and very prepossessing in appearance. The evidence of the complainant having been taken, the intended husband of the defendant was called into the witness box, and he corroborated his mother's evidence. He added that when he went to the rescue of his mother, the defendant, who was betrothed to him, bit his arm.

Magistrate—Are not girls married in your caste?

Witness—Yes, sir, but this woman was divorced by her former husband, and I am betrothed to her. Such marriages are allowed in our caste.

Magistrate—Well, as you are only betrothed, are you going to marry this woman after the short experience you have had of her?

Witness—She must have been divorced by her former husband for some such conduct.

Magistrate—Well, then, are you going to take her?

Witness—What am I to do? I have paid her sixty-five rupees. If she returns me the amount, I will not marry her; and if she does not return me the money, then I will marry her.

Magistrate—Then won't she bite you again?

Witness—I am sure she will make me miserable.

Magistrate—Then don't marry her.

Witness—What about my rupees? Will you kindly order them to be returned to me?

Magistrate—That is not in my power.

Witness—Then I will marry her.

Magistrate—You may please yourself, but I am afraid you will have to come here often.

Witness—No, sir, I will take her to my native country and place her before the panchayat, who will chastise her with shoes, and that will cure her of her temper.

The defendant was adjudged guilty, and fined five rupees.

Excessive Use of Medicine.

It would be utterly impossible to tell how many constitutions have been impaired, how many digestions ruined, how many complexions spoiled, and how many purses emptied, through medicine. What is that you say—a stitch in time saves nine, and that the right medicine, quickly taken, averts danger? Very likely. I quite believe that. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where is the danger, and what is the emergency of the case? Medicine is often the precursor of after misery, and the poor constitution has to pay dearly for its medicinal flip. The wiser philosophy of the present day is gradually delivering us from these potent perils.

* Nature has a self-righting power within her; there is a kind of vis medicatrix in the physical frame. Treat the body kindly; let as much pure air as possible get to the lungs, and as much fresh water as possible be applied to the flesh, and as much healthy exercise as duty permits be given to the muscles, and as early risings circumstances as be afforded for the recruitment of the brain, and then medicine will be a very available affair.—*The Quiver*.

Facts and Fancies.

Spurgeons's sister has become a preacher.

Thirty thousand working girls in Boston have seventy distinct occupations.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has grown stout, and is no longer beautiful.

Dan Rice says that a pig has a more acute hearing than any other animal except a horse.

A Massachusetts newspaper says: Ten mills make a cent—but not any ten mills in this region.

A wag, noted for his brevity, writes to a friend to be careful in the selection of his diet. He says: "Don't eat Q-cumbers; they'll W-up."

Young Mistress: "It's your 'Sunday out' next week, Jane, isn't it?" Jane: "Lor', Mum! Why, you've forgotten. It's yours!"

Irate wife (whose husband has returned home late): "Now, I'll just give you a piece of my mind." Husband: "Don't, my dear, you can't spare it."

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair. The coroner's verdict was said to have been that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced switch.

When a Canada girl loves, she does love. In a breach of promise suit the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day.

A boy in Tennessee committed suicide the other day because his mother sent him to the woods for a hickory stick, with which he was to be punished for "taking sugar out of the sugar bowl."

The Catholics in Boston have wisely decided to discontinue the hiring of carriages for funeral processions, except for the chief mourners, and to give the money which a costly funeral requires to the widow and children.

—We are glad to record the fact that our friend, L. R. Muzzy, of the Pulaski Democrat, in his afternoon speech at Jacksonville last week covered himself with glory. Our boys have not yet recovered from the effects of his eloquence.

Personal.

Judge Whitney and Judge Churchill, of Oswego, were in town last Monday.

W. H. Kenyon, Esq., of Oswego, was in town last Tuesday.

We had a pleasant call on Monday from C. B. Williams, of Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y.

Hoa. Henry Smith, (brother of L. D. Smith, Esq.,) of London, O., has been spending two or three days in town.

Charlie Dayton is home on a short visit.

John Halliday is spending a few days with his friends in town.

Jennie A. Calkins has returned from Oberlin O., where she has been attending school.

Rev. George P. Mains, of New Britain, Conn., is spending some part of his vacation here.

We are glad to see Mr. C. C. Stowell with us again. He looks the better for his rest.

R. J. and John H. Oliphant, of Oswego, were in town last Tuesday. The latter was out seeing what his chances are for County Clerk. He'll be good-natured whether he gets the office or not.

Miss Hattie Baker, Flora Harrison, and Belle Benedict spent some time at Pleasant Point, lately, and had a very pleasant time of course.

Henry M. McDonald is in town visiting friends.

Letter from Kansas.

MR. EDITOR:—I have received numerous inquiries in regard to the Distribution advertised in your paper during the past few weeks by the Kansas Land and Immigrant Association. To save time and the trouble of answering each in detail, I desire to say to all interested, that the association is chartered by authority of the State of Kansas, for the purpose of promoting immigration to the State, and that, in furtherance of this object, proposes to distribute, by lot, to its patrons prizes amounting to the princely sum of \$779,800. They will have two drawings. In the Main, or Grand Drawing, they will award 2,664 prizes, ranging from \$50 up to \$75,000 each. In the Special Drawing they will award 100,000 prizes, ranging from \$1.00 up to \$10,000.00 each. The Special drawing is designed as commissions for agents and the tickets are given free to those who make up clubs or purchase two or more Shares in the Main Drawing.

The price of Shares or Tickets in the Main Drawing is \$5.00 each. For \$10.00 they will send two shares in the Main Drawing and one ticket free in the Special Drawing. All persons investing \$10, and securing three chances, will secure at least one prize, as there are no blanks in the Special Drawing.

The Board of Managers were selected from among the most prominent men of the State, and have the confidence and support of all classes of our citizens. They have all been more or less connected with the public affairs of the State, and their character and standing in the community is a sufficient guaranty that the distribution will be fairly and impartially made. I can state most positively that the drawing will take place at the time stated—August 25th. The *Kansas Immigrant*, giving full particulars of the Enterprise, its objects and purposes, with endorsements and references of the highest character, and information regarding the State of Kansas, will be sent free to all who may desire it.

All remittances for shares, or letters of inquiry, addressed to the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

S. M. STRICKLER, Sec'y.
Atchison, Kansas.

NEW HAVEN.

Rev. Olney Place exchanged pulpits yesterday with Rev. Mr. Allen, of Southwest Oswego. He gave us two able discourses which evinced much thought and study.

The Methodist church is rapidly nearing completion. It is thought they will dedicate it sometime in September. The Ladies' Aid Society of the church purpose holding a festival in Dempster Grove (camp-ground), next Friday afternoon and evening. The proceeds to be devoted toward furnishing the church.

The weather is excessively hot and vegetation is fast drying up.

As a delightful retreat during these hot August days, we would recommend Pleasant Point. Capt. Nichols has had, for a number of weeks, a house full of boarders. Picnic and excursion parties frequent his grounds almost daily.

SELAH.

New Haven, Aug. 14, 1876.

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go on from day to day complaining with sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constipation, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c? No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a bottle of *GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER*. For 75 cents your cure is certain, but if you doubt this, get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

—Orville Whitney is now prepared to work his pent bed, and wishes us to state that he is willing to dispose of 100 shares at \$10 per share.

—Daniel H. Marsh, the oldest practicing member of the Oswego County Bar, died at his residence in Oswego, Tuesday morning, aged 71 years.

No Boiling! No Boiling! No Boiling!

Great Sale of the No Boiling. Everybody can save \$5.00 by investing a little in the No Boiling. Bring in your sample bottles. Four dozen on hand.

CORN BROS.

Third Assembly District Convention.

The Republican electors of the several towns composing the Third Assembly District, are requested to send the usual number of delegates from each town to meet in Convention to be held at the Court House in Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 19th day of August, 1876, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing three delegates to attend the State Convention at Saratoga on the 23d inst., and to elect delegates to the Congressional Convention hereafter to be called, and to nominate a Member of Assembly, and to transact other necessary business.—Dated Pulaski, Aug. 10th, 1876.

J. W. FENTON,
Ch'n Dis. Con.

Cornell University.

By an act of the legislature passed in 1865, and amended in 1872, each Assembly District in the State is entitled to the appointment, each year, of one scholar residing therein, to a "Free Scholarship in Cornell University."

An examination of candidates from Oswego County for said appointment, will be held at Gray's Hotel, in the village of Pulaski, Aug. 28, 1876, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

R. SIMPSON, JR.,
P. H. BERRY,
J. W. LADD,
School Com'rs.

Aug. 14th, 1876.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED: Flour, (white) \$5.75, red \$5.25, white \$6.00. Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) .00 @ 1.25. Shorts, 1/2 ton, .10 @ .15. Shipplings, 1/2 ton, .10 @ .15. Middlings, 1/2 ton, .10 @ .15. Corn, .05 @ .10. Oats, .05 @ .10.

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE: Butter, .13 @ .20. Loose Butter, .15 @ .18. Cheese, .06 @ .09. Lard, .15 @ .18. Eggs, 1/2 doz., .10 @ .12. Beef 1/2 lb., .05 @ .14. Beef 1/4 cwt., .06 @ .07. Mutton, 1/2 cwt., .08 @ .10. Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, .02 @ .03. Pork 1/2 cwt., .04 @ .07. Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., .05 @ .06. Ham, 1/2 lb., .14 @ .15. Dried Poultry, 1/2 lb., .10 @ .12. Potatoes, 1/2 bush., .05 @ .10. Beef Hides, per lb., .04 @ .05.

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.50; Spring, \$1.65. Kerosene oil, 15 cts per gallon. One Dollar Tea, 70 " per lb. Salt, \$1.25 & \$1.50. 50lb. Butter Tubs, .20 cents. New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 50 cts, 1/2 gal. The poor can have cheaper.

W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico.

\$12 A DAY at home. A-c's wanted. Agents, A. M. & Co., 10-15.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mute Children

The Rev. T. B. BERRY, Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y., Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

REFERENCED:—Rev. T. Callahan, D. D., Prof. I. L. Peet, LL. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Fy, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2d

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Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 222. Price \$1.25, (including postage).

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction, can carry forward their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. Try the manual, the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as the people in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

—For 1876.—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

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We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

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so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

We shall make the Journal Progressive

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Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of the various lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year.

This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the City of Albany, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.

MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.

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